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The Old Farmer.

It was in the snug parlor of the farmhouse that Farmer Giles and his friend Tomkins were sitting after tea. The farmer, notwithstanding his sturdy vigorous frame, and strong weather-beaten face, was beginning to feel the worse for his seventy years of life. Indeed, for the last few days he had scarcely got out of the house, and was glad, as evening drew on, to rest in his armchair propped up by pillows, and to comfort himself with his pipe. He very heartily welcomed his old friend that evening, as they drew together for a chat over the fire.

'You see,' said the farmer, 'I suppose this must be the beginning of the end. I'm turned seventy.'

'Well,' replied his friend, 'it may. We can none of us live for ever. And how do you feel about it—comfortable?'

'Well, so, so!' replied the farmer. 'I haven't been so particularly bad. There's worse than me about, you know.'

'Oh, yes!' said Mr. Tomkins. 'There's Sindel and Mason'——

'Oh, not that sort!' said the farmer, hastily; 'they're bad. But of the goody kind.'

'Oh; you mean those who talk much of religion, and do mean and sneaky things.'

'That's it,' said the old man. 'You know how to put it.'

'Then you feel comfortable?' said his friend.

'Well, no—not exactly,' he replied, with some hesitation. 'You see, I wasn't a particularly good son. I am afraid my mother died with a sore heart about me, poor old soul;' and the old man brushed away with his hand a tear that trickled down his weather-beaten cheek.

'Then there was that bit of land I had from Widow Sandon. It wasn't mine, Tomkins; I had no business to have it, but I grabbed it, and kept it, and was glad to have it at first. But soon I hated it, and would have given it her back, only I feared what people would say. And that bit of land has always done well. However bad the harvest, there was always a good crop there! And that made it worse. Do you think God will remember it against me?'

'Sure to,' replied his friend.

'I'd have given it her back, and all the money it made, over and over again, only she's dead, and all her belongings gone, and now that's the thing that troubles me.'

'Seems to me, Giles, you'll have to come to God as a sinner, the same as the rest of us have to do.'

'Aye,' said the old man, 'a sinner; I'm just that, and nothing else.'

'And it seems to me, friend, you're just one that needs a Saviour to forgive you.'

'Forgive me!' said the farmer; 'that's not enough. That won't set the old wrong right and give Widow Sandon back her land and money. Perhaps she'll be at the judgment seat to accuse me.'

'No,' said Mr. Tomkins, 'it won't set the old wrong right. If Widow Sandon were living I'd say go to her. But she isn't. There are some wrongs can never be set right in this world. But God can pardon them. You must go to Him.'

'Hear what the old Book says,' continued he, taking up a Bible that lay on the table and reading from it, 'Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins.'

'Forgiveness from God,' continued he, 'that's the first thing.' And, laying his hand on that of the old farmer, he added—

'Dear friend, put your case into Christ's hands, and it seems to me that even if Widow Sandon should meet you at the judgment she will be more likely to forgive if Christ pleads for you. Anyhow, it must be important to be forgiven by Him. He is "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." Therefore trust Him.'—'Friendly Greetings.'

'HEAR WHAT THE OLD BOOK SAYS!'

Praying for What We do not Expect.

I happened once to be staying with a gentleman a long way from here, and a very religious kind of a man he was. In the morning he began the day with a long family prayer that we might be kept from sin, and have a Christian spirit, and the mind that was also in Jesus Christ, and that we might have the love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto us. A good prayer it was, and I thought: 'What a good man you must be!'

But an hour after I happened to be coming along the farm, and I heard him hallooing and scolding and finding fault with everybody and everything. And when I was come into the house with him, he began again. Nothing was right, and he was so impatient and quick-tempered.

''Tis so very provoking to be annoyed in this way, Daniel,' said he. 'I don't know what servants in these times are good for but to worry and vex one with their idle, slovenly ways!'

I did not say anything for a minute or two. Then I said:—

'You must be very much disappointed, sir.'

'How so, Daniel,—disappointed?'

'I thought you were expecting to receive a very valuable present this morning, sir, and I see that it has not come.'

'Present, Daniel?'—and he scratched his head as much as to say, 'Whatever can the man be talking about?'

'I certainly heard you speaking about it, sir,' I said, coolly.

'Heard me speak of a valuable present? Why, Daniel, you must be dreaming! I've never thought of such a thing.'

'Perhaps not, sir; but you've talked about it, and I hoped it would come whilst I was here, for I'd dearly love to see it.'

He was getting angry with me now, so I thought I would explain.

'You know, sir, this morning you prayed

for a Christian spirit, and the mind that was in Jesus, and the love of God shed abroad in your heart.'

'Oh, that's what you mean, is it?' and he spoke as though that weren't anything at all.

'Now, sir, wouldn't you be rather surprised if your prayer was to be answered,—if you were to feel a nice, gentle, loving kind of a spirit coming down upon you, all patient and forgiving and kind? Why, sir, wouldn't you come to be quite frightened like? And you'd come in and sit down all in a faint, and reckon you must be going to die, because you felt so heavenly-minded.'

He didn't like it much, but I'd delivered my testimony, and learned a lesson for myself, too. You are right, Captain Joe, you are right. We should stare very often if the Lord was to answer our prayers.—'Daniel Quorm, and his Religious Notions.'

Thy Will be Done.

Laid on Thine altar, O my Lord Divine,
Accept the gift to-day for Jesus' sake;
I have no jewel to adorn Thy shrine,
Nor any world-famed sacrifice to make—
But here I bring within my trembling hand
This will of mine, a thing that seemeth small;
How, when I yield Thee this, I yield mine all.

Hidden therein Thy searching eye can see
Struggles of fashion, visions of delight,
All that I have, or am, or fain would be,
Deep loves, fond hopes, and longings infinite.
It hath been wet with tears and dimmed with sighs,
Clenched in my grasp, till beauty hath it none,
Now from Thy footstool, where it vanquished lies
The prayer ascendeth,—May Thy will be done.'

Take it, O Father, ere my courage fail,
And merge it so in Thine own will, that e'en
If in some desperate hour my cries prevail,
And Thou give back my gift, it may have been
So changed, so purified, so fair have grown,
So one with Thee, so filled with grace divine;
I may not know or feel it as mine own,
But gaining back my will, may find it Thine.
—Anon.

Suggestive.

If you will let Him walk with you in your streets, and sit with you in your offices, and be with you in your homes, and teach you in your churches, and abide with you as the living presence in your hearts, you, too, shall know what freedom is, and while you do your duties, be above your duties; and while you own yourselves the sons of men, know you are the sons of God.—Phillips Brooks.

A Typical Candidate.

(The Rev. Charles E. Patton, in the New York 'Observer.')

He was an old man, of perhaps fifty years; a farmer, with red sunburned features, slightly wrinkled, yet peculiarly flushed so as almost to suggest a common form of leprosy. His head was unshaven; scarcely prepossessing in appearance. Up he came to our upper loft to meet the Session, his small eyes twinkling and a general beam of good nature all over his face. He wanted to enter the Church.

'Why do you wish to enter the Church?' was asked.

'So I can reach Heaven.'

'How reach Heaven?'

'Through Jesus redeeming my sins.'

'How do you know that?'

'The Holy Book says so.'

'What is the Holy Book?'

'The True Doctrine.'

'Who is God?'

'The Supreme Ruler.'

'Who is Jesus?'

'God's Son.'

'How many gods do you worship?'

'One, divided into three persons.'

'Do you worship idols?'

'No.'

'Why not?'

'Because they can't protect me.'

'What other reason?'

'Because I worship the True God.'

'Do you know the Ten Commandments?'

'Yes,' and voluntarily repeated all. Questioned in several he gave intelligent replies.

'Can you pray?'

'Yes.' Upon which he repeated the Lord's Prayer.

'Does your heart pray?'

'Yes, before eating; also morning and evening,' repeating a specimen of each.

'Have you sins?'

'Yes; my heart is very evil; I once worshipped idols.'

'What became of your sins?'

'Jesus redeemed them.'

'How?'

'By nailing them to the cross.'

'Has the Church power to forgive your sins?'

'No, God only has.'

When asked why God was willing to forgive him he seemed a bit puzzled.

'If your boy were sick and you give him medicine why do you do it?'

'That he may get well, grow up and take care of me in my old age.'

'What sort of heart do you have toward him?'

'A loving heart.'

'Why then does God want you to be saved?'

'Because He has a loving heart toward me.'

'After you enter the church what do you do?'

'Learn the doctrine, and keep the Sabbath.' When asked about his conduct, he appealed to his neighbors to bear witness. Clear replies were given to questions on baptism and the Lord's Supper.

'Who taught you the doctrine?' he was finally asked.

'Nobody.'

'Where did you learn it?'

'I bought a book in the market one day and read it. I believed the doctrine was true, so I believed the True God.'

Yeung Kong, Canton, China.

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The Glimpse.

Just for a day you crossed my life's dull track,
Put my ignobler dreams to sudden shame,
With your bright way, and left me to fall back
On my own world of poorer deed and aim;

To fall back on my meaner world, and feel
Like one who, dwelling 'mid some smoke-dimmed town,
In a brief pause of labor's sullen wheel,
'Scaped from the street's dead dust and factory's frown—

In stainless daylight saw the pure seas roll,
Saw mountains pillaring the perfect sky;
Then journeyed home, to carry in his soul
The torment of the difference till he die.
—William Watson.

The Missionary Cabbages.

Where there is a will there is a way; and a' little ingenuity will sometimes accomplish as much as a deal of hard work. The 'Classmate' repeats the story of an old lady of ninety-seven, who for eighty-five years had been in the service of the Lord:

'Did I ever tell you about my missionary cabbages?' said she. 'Years ago, when I was living near a market, I didn't have very good health, and couldn't get around much. I wanted to do something for the Lord, and every market day used to go over and talk a few minutes to the man who sold cabbages.

'We were good friends, and he let me slip a tract into each head of cabbage, down among the leaves. As each tract went in, a prayer to God went up from my heart, that the reading of it might be blessed to the soul of somebody.'

'I should like to have been there and bought one of those cabbages, grandmother, said Miss Graham, laughing. 'It would have been a pleasant surprise while preparing it for dinner ,to find neatly tucked in between the leaves a message from our heavenly father.'

'I hope that some of the messages went to the hearts of those who found them. I asked the Lord to make it so. And do you wonder that I called 'em "missionary cabbages"?'
—The 'Christian.'

A Sharp Rebuke.

A certain infidel, who was a blacksmith, was in the habit, when any Christian man came into his shop, of asking some of his workmen if they had heard about brother so-and-so, or what he had done. They would answer, 'No, what is it:' Then he would begin and tell them what some Christian brother, deacon, or minister had done, and laugh, saying, 'That is one of the fine Christians we hear so much about.' An old gentleman, a Christian, one day went into the shop, and the infidel blacksmith at once began his usual tales. The old deacon stood a few moments listening, then turned quickly to the infidel and asked him 'if he had read the story in the Bible about the rich man and Lazarus. 'Yes, many a time; what about that?' 'Perhaps you remember the dogs, how they came and licked the sores of Lazarus? Well,' said the deacon, 'you remind me of those dogs, content to merely lick the Christians' sores. The blacksmith grew suddenly pensive, and has not said much about the failings of Christians since.—'Christian Herald.'

Thank You.

The Rothesay, Scotland, 'Chronicle,' in its issue of Jan. 19, quotes an over-sea correspondent as complimenting the 'Chronicle' on being the nearest (Scottish) approach he has seen to the clean, scholarly, high-class Montreal 'Witness.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

THE RED, RED WINE:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY'S LAST STORY.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

All that day the bairns had been laughing and romping as only children can, and to them, surely, the big occasion would be a happy memory. But now, as the evening shades were falling, even the quicksilver nature of youth began to tire and flag, and the elder and more thoughtful ones noticed that their beloved teacher was tired, too. Jennie Bardsley had been the life and soul of the children's treat, and though for her, oppressed as she was with a strange sad sense of ill impending, there was but little pleasure, yet all the more she tried to make the hours of childhood happy, and threw herself with a greater heartiness into the spirit of the day, if haply she might find relief from the overhanging dread of the unknown.

It was yet too early to put an end to the day's festivities, and, though tired, the excited children, like Oliver Twist, 'asked for more.'

'There now, children, I am going to sit down a little bit and get my breath, I declare you've nearly run my feet off!' And so saying, she threw herself upon a pile of shawls and rugs, and taking off her hat, wiped her face and fanned herself, and in fun gasped hard for breath.

'Oh, don't! teacher, we're not half tired yet!' cried the younger tyrants, in chorus, amid ripples of laughter.

'Yes, teacher, you shall,' cried the more thoughtful few. 'You're tired, Miss Bardsley, aren't you?'

'Yes, dears, I am rather, but I'll tell you what I'll do: if you like, I'll tell a story.'

'Ah, that will be nice!' exclaimed young and old alike. That was even better than the games she had run away from, and in a little while a whole bevy of wee bairns, and lads and lasses of an older growth, were disposed around her waiting to hear the story. But there was no story told that evening.

'Well, now, what shall it be about? Shall it be a fairy story? Shall I try to make you laugh or cry? No, I won't do that—there are too many sad stories in this world without making any up, aren't there? I'll tell you a nice bright one, and we'll begin in the dear old-fashioned way: "Once upon a time—"'

'Miss Bardsley, you are wanted at the gate.

The speaker was the superintendent of her own Sunday School. He always wore a smile when he spoke to her, but now he only just beckoned her from the border of her little audience. His voice quivered with emotion, and his eyes were moist with tears, though the good old man's grey head was bowed all the time, as though he dare not look his gentle well-loved teacher in the face.

The brooding fear and sorrow which had overshadowed Jennie all the day settled down upon her heart. She tottered as she rose, and had to steady herself by putting her hand on the shoulder of one of her girls. Casting her eyes round the field and towards the gate half vacantly, she became conscious that many eyes were looking at her. The night settled down black around her, the sky was gone from her view. Leaning on the shoulder of Mr. Fenton, she said, almost inaudibly, for her voice refused her bidding—'Oh, Mr. Fenton! my darling is dead!' and fell in a huddled heap on the ground.

Tenderly, tearfully, lovingly, Jennie Bardsley was carried home. Dark Lady had come to her stable at the inn, riderless; instant search had been made; they had found the body of the ill-starred vet. lying as he fell; and her brothers, coming to tell her the sad news, had judged it better to get her away from the children first. Alas! she had quickly divined it, and it was long before the facts could be revealed. For a long time the stricken girl hovered 'twixt life and death, constantly watched and tended by her close companion, Alice Hayes, who, indeed, would hardly leave her friend's side; and long before her sad, sweet face, white and thin, was seen again outside her shadowed chamber, all that was mortal of Reuben Stanford was laid beneath a spreading elm in Netherborough churchyard.

Think you that heartbreaks such as these are rarely met with? What then of the constant chronic heartbreaks of the drunkard's wife and bairns?

CHAPTER XI.

The children's treat was over, and even for them the memory of that happy day was clouded with sorrow, though the sorrow was another's, and though many of them were too young to understand its full and bitter meaning. True, the treat had not been greatly shortened, for the night was darkening round when a darker night fell on the sweet soul of Jennie Bardsley. The children were marched in awe-struck silence—a strange, weird silence, when children are stricken dumb—back to the Temperance Hall. The tea that had been provided for them was hardly touched, and finally a few words were said by two or three of the gentlemen who were interested in the proceedings of the day.

The kindly vicar could only refer condolingly to the event that had brought the day to so sad a close, and asked them all to pray for those who had so suddenly been bereaved.

The inquest was held at the Head Inn, because, forsooth, there was not proper convenience any other where. And so in death young Stanford lay in the place where he had often poured out libations to the very god to whom he fell a victim. It is but fitting that the sacrifice should be laid upon the shrine, and Moloch, at his worst, never claimed as many victims as does the genial god of wine.

All knew the ghastly facts, witnesses, jurymen, and coroner, and the lying verdict they brought in was 'Accidental death.' 'Twas murder most foul, and, the more, the pity, the murder was practically committed in the house of his friend. No single word was uttered by the jury, no single sentence by the coroner, to hint that this fine, manly, clever, winsome, promising young fellow had been done to death, murdered, by alcohol, and that landlord, comrades, squire, custom, and government were all 'accessories before the fact.

In due time the Sabbath arrived, and there was a larger congregation than usual at the parish church, for the vicar's intention was generally known. As a rule, the vicar was not very particular in the preparation of his sermons, nor had he any very scrupulous ideas about the necessity of their being his own. He considered he did all that was necessary if he talked for some fifteen minutes at most on any proper and orthodox subject. An inspiration was a thing he knew nothing at all about. As for making anybody uncomfortable, this was a thing he would never have thought of for a minute; he was far too kind-hearted! This very limited idea of his duty he performed in that 'state of life to which it had pleased God to call him,' with unfailing regularity. Beyond this he professed to be nothing more nor less than an English gentleman.

On this occasion, however, the kind-hearted vicar was himself deeply touched. He had a great liking for the clever, brilliant young vet., and, in common with everybody else in Netherborough, was greatly attached to Jennie Bardsley. The suddenness of Stanford's death had impressed him greatly, and there was quite an unusual spirit of reverence in the church as he gave out his text that Sunday: 'What I say unto you, I say unto all, watch!'

With a loving hand he sketched the career, the abilities, the bright prospects of the dead man. Spoke of the great number in Netherborough who in the course of nature had expected to reach 'that bourne from which no traveller returns,' while yet the course of Reuben's life was but half run. But the angel of God had called him home suddenly without warning, as if to emphasize to those surviving the lesson taught by his text, for 'In the midst of life we are in death.' He said that the whole town would mourn his loss, and he said right. He concluded his discourse by warning them all to be ready when the Master came.

The vicar knew all the facts of the case, and there was not a member of his congregation of maturer years but knew them too, and yet he never referred in a single word to the dread destroyer that had wrought his ruin, nor lifted a finger in condemnation of those who had partnership before God in the assassination of this youth of promise, and the heart-break that brought sweet Jennie Bardsley to the very borders of the grave.

Of course there were mild and whispered references to the procuring cause of Reuben Stanford's untimely end, nods and knowing looks and inuendos, anything and everything but the honest truth.

Mr. Norwood Hayes had his pastor— the pastor of Zion Church—to supper some time afterwards.

'What a sad end that was of poor 'Stanford's,' said Mr. Dunwell, the pastor. 'I declare I have not been so upset and distressed for a long time.' And there is not a doubt he meant every word he said.

Mr. Dunwell was a man of very considerable powers of mind, more than usually eloquent, even among eloquent men, a master of humor and of pathos, the life and soul of any social or family circle to which he had an entrance. As a preacher he was effective, and could have been more so had he used his powers to the full. Indeed, he was second to none in the pulpits of the neighborhood, and on the platform he was second to few.

'Yes,' said Mr. Norwood Hayes, 'he was a fine fellow; a man with a clever head and a kind heart, a man that meant well, and who was no one's enemy but his own.'

One of the biggest liest this that the devil coined, and Shakespeare knew better when he makes Polonius advise Laertes,—

'To thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.'

It is equally true that he that is not true to himself, his higher nature and his God, is false to every man, for 'no man liveth to himself alone,' and the influence we have on those around us can neither be measured nor computed.

'What Stanford wanted,' continued Mr. Norwood Hayes, 'was stamina, moral stamina, you know. Didn't know when to stop, his social gifts were great, as everybody knows, and of course that brought extra temptations, though to be sure I don't see why it should myself. A man should use self-control in everything, that is true temperance, of which the apostle wrote so highly, and then, of course, that would be included.'

'Yes, quite so; quite so, by that, you refer to his weakness for—"

'Yes, yes, to be sure, we all know poor Stanford's weakness—but let's be to his faults a little blind, for one must speak nothing but good of the dead. Besides, we none of us have room to boast, "let him that thinketh he standeth," and so on, you know what I mean.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Dunwell, 'I quite understand.'

Walter Bardsley sat the while strangely indignant that what seemed to him so weighty a matter should be treated so lightly, and had it been any other than Norwood Hayes, he

would have taken up the cudgels there and then. Even as it was, he could not but remark hurriedly, and somewhat shame-facedly, 'It seems to me that our duty to our neighbor is to help him to use self-control, and not to put it to the strain.'

Norwood Hayes, however, was not to be tempted to take up the gauntlet.

(To be Continued.)

Gulliver's Adventures Among the Giants.

(By Dean Swift, as edited by W. T. Stead, for 'Books for the Bairns.')

Preface.

In this part of the wonderful travels of Captain Lemuel Gulliver, we have the great giants, huge monsters, thinking themselves very important because they are so big, but we can see just such creatures if we look at our neighbors through a magnifying glass; and that was why this story was written. It was to let us see ourselves through a magnifying glass. It is not a pleasant sight, for none of us would like to believe that we could be as coarse and rude and violent and ugly as these Brobdignagians. But if we could see ourselves magnified, we should often be very much like them. To the ants and the bees, and even to the birds, the least boy or girl who reads this book must seem a greater giant than the Brobdignagians did to Gulliver; and it will do you good all your life if you sometimes try to imagine how you look to the clever little creatures who see you, but who never speak.

I will now tell you the still stranger things that befel me among the Giants of Brobdingnag. I left England on June 20, 1702, in the 'Adventure,' bound for Surat. After leaving the Cape of Good Hope we were caught by a storm north of Madagascar, which drove us east, past the Molacca Islands, and then still farther east, until on June 16, 1703, a boy at the topmast discovered land. Next day we anchored a league off a great island or continent, and the captain sent the longboat ashore to seek for water, but found none.

I walked alone about a mile on the other side, where I observed the country all barren and rocky. I now began to be weary, and seeing nothing to entertain my curiosity, I re-

turned gently down towards the creek; and the sea being full in my view, I saw our men were already in the boat, and rowing for life to the ship. I was going to holloa after them, although it had been to little purpose, when I observed a huge creature walking after them in the sea, as fast as he could; he waded not much deeper than his knees, and took prodigious strides; but our men had the start of him about half a league, and the sea thereabouts being full of pointed rocks, the monster was not able to overtake the boat. This I was afterwards told, for I could not stay to see the issue of the adventure; but ran as fast as I could the way I first went, and then climbed up a steep hill, which gave me some prospect of the country. I found it fully cultivated; but that which first surprised me was the length of the grass, which in those grounds that seemed to be kept for hay was about twenty feet high.

I fell into a high road, for so I took it to be, though it served to the inhabitants only as a footpath through a field of barley. Here I walked on for some time, but could see little on either side, it being now near harvest, and the corn rising at least forty feet. I was an hour walking to the end of this field, which was fenced in with a hedge at least one hundred and twenty feet high, and the trees so lofty that I could make no computation of their altitude. There was a stile to pass from this field into the next. It had four steps, and a stone to cross over when you came to the uppermost. It was impossible for me to climb this stile, because every step was six feet high, and the upper stone above twenty. I was endeavoring to find some gap in the hedge, when I discovered one of the inhabitants in the next field, of the same size with him whom I saw in the sea pursuing our boat. He appeared as tall as an ordinary spire steeple, and took about ten yards at every stride, as near as I could guess. I was struck with the utmost fear and astonishment, and ran to hide myself in the corn, from whence I saw him at the top of the stile, looking back into the next field on the right hand, and heard him call in a voice many degrees louder than a speaking trumpet; but the noise was so high in the air that at first I certainly thought it was thunder. Whereupon seven monsters, like himself, came towards him with reaping-hooks in their hands, each hook about the largeness of six scythes. These people were not so well clad as the first, whose servants or laborers they seemed to be; for, upon some words he spoke, they went to reap the corn in the field where I lay. I kept from them at as great a distance as I could, but was forced to move, with extreme difficulty, for the stalks of the corn were sometimes not above a foot distance, so that I could hardly squeeze my body between them. However, I made a shift to go forward till I came to a part of the field where the corn had been laid by the rain and wind. Here it was impossible for me to advance a step; for the stalks were so interwoven that I could not creep through, and the beards of the fallen ears so strong and pointed that they pierced through my clothes into my flesh. At the same time I heard the reapers not above a hundred yards behind me. Being quite dispirited with toil, and wholly overcome by grief and despair, I lay down between two ridges, and heartily wished I might there end my days. I bemoaned my desolate widow and fatherless children. I lamented my own folly and wilfulness in attempting a second voyage against the advice of all my friends and relations.

(To be continued.)

Lesbia's Second Coming Out.

(Jane Ellis Joy, in the 'American Messenger.')

'She says she's well; but she doesn't seem to have any vim or spirit,' remarked Grandma Norwood to Miss Amanda one October afternoon, after Lesbia had gone out.

'I do wish I knew what would please her,' said Lesbia's aunt regretfully. 'She hasn't touched a penny of her allowance yet, except for church dues and charities; so if she wants anything, it's something that money can't buy. Yes, I can see that there is something the matter with her. Actually I had to coax her to go to the meeting of the Young People's Circle this afternoon. Such a pretty girl as she is too! Really, I'm disappointed in our Lesbia.'

In the spring Lesbia Norwood had graduated at a young ladies' seminary, and this was her first season in that 'world,' or 'society,' to which as a little girl she had looked forward with vague expectations of finding happiness.

Lesbia's prettiness had never been disputed. But it was a doll-like prettiness rather than beauty developed by character. At school she was always spoken of as a 'nice girl.' She never offended anybody, or departed from the standard of good manners. Yet it was equally true that if one of her young friends had a sorrow or a joy, Lesbia was never the one selected to hear about it.

Nobody disliked Lesbia. Some liked her. So many admired her that compliments to her personal appearance became almost tiresome. But it is doubtful if any one sincerely loved her except her grandmother and Aunt Amanda; and—yes, one other—homely old Miss Jinks, who was always delighted with the little doll-like smile that Lesbia bestowed on her every Sunday morning, coming out of church.

Lesbia was acute enough to perceive that something was wrong with herself; that other girls of her age and social position received. She had had a vague hope that, after her 'coming out,' things would adjust themselves differently. She would find her place. But instead of getting better, things appeared to be getting worse.

This is what was vexing Lesbia. She hoped

that she was not envious of other girls, or unduly anxious for recognition. She tried to put her Christianity into her daily life. But it hurt her to notice that after the first greeting people did not usually return to her. It was as if, after making a fine impression at first, she disappointed afterwards.

Undoubtedly Lesbia thought too much about herself. If she had had home cares to divert her; or if she had been fond of music, art or science, her temptation would not have been so great.

She was early at the young people's meeting, which took place in the Sunday school room of the church. Two young ladies were chatting gaily on one of the front seats. Lesbia greeted them pleasantly; and then she smiled, a little more shyly, to Mr. Floyd Milbank, the handsome secretary, who came into the room just then by another door.

The young man seemed pleased to see Lesbia. 'This is a special meeting, is it not, Miss Norwood?' he asked, when they had shaken hands. 'I've been out of town for three weeks, and have just got back, and haven't yet seen any one who could tell me about it.'

'I really don't know,' hesitated Lesbia with one of her childish smiles.

'Do you not know the purpose of the meeting? Who called it?' The question seemed to be asked with regret and a little surprise.

Lesbia's intellectual conscience smote her. Why had she not paid attention to the announcements? 'No, I don't know what the meeting is for,' she was obliged to answer with a self-conscious blush. 'The pastor said something about it last Sunday—but, I can't remember—'

The brisk, business-like Marion Bradley was coming in, heading a little procession of members. The question was put to her, and answered directly. 'Yes, this is a special meeting of the Circle. We are to take action on the subject of extending more cordiality to strangers who drop into church.'

For several weeks a controversy as to the friendliness of church-goers had disturbed Newelton. It was begun by a letter printed in one of the daily newspapers, setting forth that the writer—a stranger in the city—had attended a number of churches without having been once 'taken by the hand in friendly welcome.' A number of the city churches had taken the matter up, among them the congregation of which Lesbia was a member.

Mr. Milbank proposed that the young men of the circle should offer their hands in greeting the men visitors, and that the young ladies should pursue the same course with ladies and girls. This was approved by the young men, but was voted against by all the young ladies except Marion Bradley and one other.

'I once offered my hand to a stranger in church, and she didn't respond, and I'll never put myself in the same embarrassing position again,' said Bessie Horner. 'Of course, I'll speak to a stranger, and be glad to do it, if she looks pleasantly at me, but as to offering to shake hands with everybody—no!'

As usual Lesbia had no suggestions to offer. She did not even vote. Her habitual little smile, as she looked on from her seat beside the big pillar, was, if anything, more meaningless than ever. She was comparing herself with others to her own disadvantage. She wished that she could speak out like other girls who expressed their views. If only she knew what to say, like Marion Bradley! It seemed to her that she was of no use at the meeting. What a poor sort of a church-member she was anyhow!

Presently she became aware that her name was mentioned quietly on the other side of the pillar. 'Lesbia Norwood is certainly pretty,' said Grace Dennison to the girl at her side.

The reply came in the sharp accents of Clara Finn: 'Now you have said everything about Lesbia that is to be said.' Evidently the whisperers supposed Lesbia had gone home.

With her indolent habit of mind, Lesbia did not see the point of the second remark for a little while. The meeting was breaking up, when the thought slowly reached her inner consciousness, giving form and life to her own vague dissatisfactions.

Quietly she slipped out of the side door of the church to save the feeling of the two who, she knew, would be embarrassed at seeing her. The talking, interested crowd of young people went out by the front way.

Lesbia stood in the shadow of the church wall gazing dejectedly down at the pavement. Her intention was to wait there for a few minutes, and then to go home alone. She was not stirred to the point of feeling ill-will toward Clara Finn. The two had known each other from childhood. Clara, she knew, would not have hurt her intentionally for the world. But Clara had a sharp way of saying true things, and this that she had said about Lesbia was true. That was the painful part of it.

In the rear of the church lot was the sexton's house, where old Miss Jinks rented a room, doing her own light housekeeping. The old lady was out on an errand when she saw her favorite standing alone, pale, and without a trace of the pretty, doll-like smile. Miss Jinks came pattering across the stone pavement to Lesbia.

'Oh, my dear! I'm afraid you are ill?' she asked anxiously. 'Come to my little room, and let me make you a cup of tea?' And she put her arm tenderly around Lesbia's slim waist.

'No, thank you, Miss Jinks,' said Lesbia, gratefully, as she got out her handkerchief.

'My dear, you must not cry,' said Miss Jinks in her most sympathetic way. 'You will spoil your pretty face.'

'I would rather be ugly, and not the dunce that I am!' sobbed Lesbia, giving way to her feelings. 'It's just dreadful, Miss Jinks, to feel that one is a failure!'

Miss Jinks, who took an interest in the young people of the church, had often wondered to herself why Lesbia was not more prominent in the activities. She had finally half guessed the truth, which Lesbia's confession now confirmed. But she did not love Lesbia any the less.

'My dear,' she said, 'the blessedness of Christian service is that it is "reasonable," as Paul says. One can only give what one has, and do what one is capable of doing.'

'I want to be a worker in the church, Miss Jinks, but I'm so incapable,' said Lesbia, relieving her mind still further. 'I'm afraid to take a class in Sunday school, for if the children should ask me a question not in the lesson, I wouldn't know how to answer it. I never have what people call "ideas."'

Miss Jinks patted Lesbia kindly, as if she were a baby. 'All you wanted, my dear, was a stirring up,' she said, coaxingly. 'You've had such an easy-going life, never needing to think for yourself, or any one else, that you've never come to your strength.'

'I'll never come to the strength of speaking out in a meeting,' said Lesbia with a forlorn little smile as she wiped her eyes. 'I think if I should get up I should drop!'

'Some are fitted for one kind of service, some for another kind,' said Miss Jinks. 'There are "differing gifts," you know. Every one can do something. You are pretty. I'm not meaning to flatter. But just now you seem to be despising your gift and coveting the abilities of others. Don't do that. Appreciate your pretty looks, for it's a gift from God, just as surely as the singing voice or the ready tongue.'

'But I want to be useful in the church in a practical way,' urged Lesbia.

'So you can be, my dear; and just now is the opportunity.'

'What, Miss Jinks?'

'Why, shaking hands with strangers in church. I'm not saying you can't do anything else, but you can do that. And it's a service that's needed now.'

Lesbia felt comforted. She thanked her good friend and took leave of her. She had an idea now. On her way home she called on Marion Bradley.

'I've come to tell you that you may count on me to shake hands with visitors at church,' she said simply. 'I'm not very bright, but I can do that much to help you along.'

'Lesbia, you're an angel!' said Marion, tactfully concealing a part of her surprise. The girls had a long pleasant talk together, during which Lesbia almost forgot herself in the awakening interests. Life began to take on a new meaning. Her one idea gathered to itself others after the manner of ideas.

Yet it was no easy manner for Lesbia to overcome her shyness. Anxiously she looked forward to Sunday. Would she be able to do as she had promised?

When the day came, Mr. Townsend preached from the text, 'No man, having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.' Lesbia prayed earnestly for strength of will. Nobody knew of the flutterings at her heart, as, timidly she smiled, extending her hand to two or three lady visitors after the service.

'You've done splendidly, Lesbia!' said Marion Bradley, when it was all over.

Mr. Milbank came out of his way to express to Lesbia his appreciation of her services, and Mrs. Townsend, whom Lesbia loved very dearly, kissed her. But, better than all else to the now happy girl was the smile and greeting of Miss Jinks. 'It's a blessed thing, my dear,' whispered the old lady, 'when it can be said of one: "She hath done what she could."'

Do Not Wet a Lead Pencil.

The practice of wetting a lead pencil on the tongue before using it is an unclean habit, to say the least, and perhaps also a dangerous one.

Recently a woman of fine bearing and elegantly dressed stepped into the counting-room of one of the local papers of a large city to insert an advertisement. Having no pencil of her own, she picked up a pencil which was tied with a string to a pad used for writing. At once she moistened the lead with her tongue and began to write. An elderly woman who was standing by reminded her that the pencil had just been used by an old man, ragged and dirty, greasy and filthy, who also had contracted the same habit of wetting the pencil on his tongue every time he wrote a word. The disgusted woman flung the pencil away and scolded the young man behind the counter until he sharpened a brand new pencil for her use and benefit.

The habit is a foolish one. Instead of making the pencil write more freely and easily, it hardens it, and makes it write more blurred and irregular.

Newspaper men and those who use lead pencils never dampen the lead in the mouth or with a sponge. Besides being injurious to the lead, it is a dangerous habit, inasmuch as disease has been known to be conveyed in that way into the system.—'Scientific American.'

Sleep.

All our senses do not slumber simultaneously. They fall into insensibility, one after another. First the eyelids obscure sight, and the sense of taste is the next to lose susceptibility. Smelling, hearing and touch then follow. Touch is the lightest sleeper and most easily aroused. After touch hearing soonest regains consciousness. Slumber commences with the feet and works its way up, to the centre of the nervous action. The sense of smell is the last to awake.—'Dominion Presbyterian.'

Order Your 'Pictorial' at Once, so as not to Miss the February Number.

Messenger Coupon

Those who take the 'Messenger' through Sunday Schools or other clubs, may get the 'Pictorial' separately by using the attached coupon.

....

John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Building, Montreal.

Dear Sirs,—Enclosed please find SIXTY CENTS, for which send me the 'Canadian Pictorial' for one year.

NAME.... .. ..

P. O.. ....

DATE..... ....PROV.... .. ..

N.B.—When getting the 'Messenger' through a Sunday School, please give name and address of superintendent and pastor.

A Prayer.

Keep my little voice to-day,
Keep it gentle while I play;
Keep my hands from doing wrong,
Keep my feet the whole day long;
Keep me all, O Jesus, mild,
Keep me ever thy dear child.

A First Ride on the 'Ingine Cars.'

(By J. L. Harbour, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World.')

I was a boy of twelve when the railroad first came to the little town of Byford in which I lived. My! what a day that was in the history of the new little Western town! It was the very first time most of the people had ever seen what some of them called the 'ingine cars.' Everybody for miles around drove or walked into the town to see the first passenger train come in over the new track stretching away to the eastward. I remember how timid some of the people were about getting too close to the noisy engine because they felt that it might 'blow up' at any moment. There was a good deal of merriment when one old lady rebuked her husband for poking at the engine with his cane when explaining some of its workings to her.

'Be careful!' she said, pulling back the hand in which he held the outstretched cane, 'you might make the thing bu'st right here and then where would we be?'

Several old ladies were firmly of the opinion that they 'couldn't be hired' to ride behind 'that pesky thing,' and one little girl shrieked with terror when her father thought to give her pleasure by lifting her into the cab of the engine. Some of us boys thought that we were wonderfully brave and our parents rebuked us sharply for crossing the track in front of the engine when it was standing still, and little Billy Bowker really believed it when he said,

'If the ingine should start up, a man on the track a quarter of a mile away would hardly have time to get off before it would be upon him.'

The engineer, in a spirit of fun, opened the steam valve and made the engine give a terrific whistle while it was standing with a great crowd around it, whereupon the people fell back so suddenly that a number of them came to the ground. One very large old Negro aunty in the starchiest of purple calico dresses became so excited that she dropped to the ground and almost out-distanced the whistle in screaming. Yes, that was a great day for Byford.

From that day forward the railroad station was a favorite lounging place for the boys of the town, and they were sure to be there when the trains came in. We used to climb on top of the freight cars standing on the side tracks, and we endangered our lives by jumping on the cars when they were being switched from one track to the other. We were foolish enough to think that it was very smart to jump on trains when they were in motion, but we were more cautious about falling into this folly when poor little Billy Bowker fell between two moving cars and had his right leg cut off.

But we continued to play around the station and would run wild and foolish races on top of the freight cars when there was no engine attached to them. Byford became quite a shipping centre as soon as the railroad was completed, and there were nearly always freight cars on the side tracks.

One day after school ten or twelve of the boys went down to the station to play. I was among them, and after the five o'clock passenger train had given the vil-

lage the greatest excitement of the day simply by coming in and pulling out again, some of the boys proposed that we have a few games of hide-and-seek. There were delightful hiding places around the station, and in five minutes Tommy Drewe had counted one hundred and had called out:

'A bushel of wheat and a bushel of rye,
'All who ain't hid holler 'aye'!

No one responded to this cry, which was proof of the fact that all were hidden, and Tommy must begin his search for them.

Now, I had scudded away the moment Tommy had hidden his eyes. I had meant to make my bare brown feet carry me to a certain little culvert under the track into which I had planned to creep until Tommy had gone far enough from the base for me to rush back, touch the base and screech out gleefully,

One, two, three,
Here I be!

But as I was running toward the culvert I came to a freight car, the door of which was partly open. Here, I thought, was a good hiding place, and in an instant I had pulled myself up into the car which was half full of loose wheat ready for shipment. Sinking several inches into the wheat at every step, I reached a corner of the car and threw myself at full length on the wheat. The next minute the car door closed with a bang and I heard some one lock it.

The station master, a surly man, had wisely told the boys to keep away from the freight cars, and I was at first afraid of incurring his displeasure by calling out that I was in the car when I heard him close the door—at least I suppose he was the man who had closed the door and locked it.

The next moment my heart almost leaped into my mouth, for I felt a hard bump, and the car began to move. Then I remembered that an engine was at work switching the cars on the sidetrack, and that a freight train was due to leave soon after five. Thoroughly frightened I ran to the door, pounded on it with my puny fists and demanded to be let out, but no one responded. The car was soon going so fast that I knew it was out on the main track, and I was quite right in guessing that it had become a part of the 5.30 freight train, and that it was rolling on toward Evandine, the next station, ten miles distant.

Did I cry? Well, wouldn't you have cried had you been a boy of twelve years who had never been away from home a night in your life, and you found yourself shut up in a dark freight car with night coming on, being carried you knew not whither?

After what seemed hours, the train stopped at Evandine, a little town of less than two hundred inhabitants. I hammered on the door and screamed the moment the train stopped, but no one heard me. We stayed but a few minutes and on we went. Then I lay face downward on the wheat and wept myself to sleep. I do not know how long I slept, but not a ray of light came through the cracks around the door when I awoke, and I felt that it was far into the night. Three times the train stopped, and each time I tried in vain to attract the attention of some one. I knew later that one reason I failed to do so was because the car I was in was almost at the end of a long train.

I wept myself to sleep a second time, and when I awoke daylight came in around the doors and the train was standing still. I heard a brakeman running toward me on top of the train and I set up an ear-piercing scream when he reached my car. He stopped and called out,

'Hello, there!'

I screamed again.

'Where are you?' he asked.

'Here in this car, and I want to get out!' I said.

'You a tramp?' he asked.

'No, I'm a—a—just a boy.'

'What you doing in there? Running away?'

After asking me a few more questions he went away for a key, and I was soon standing, tearful and embarrassed, among a group of men at the end of a long station platform. When I had told my story the conductor said:

'And here you are in Brayton's Falls, a hundred miles from home. How do you expect to get back?'

'Is this place Brayton's Falls?' I asked, and before he could reply a surprised old gentleman in the crowd rushed toward me crying out:

'Why, Joey Hinton! Of all things! What does this mean?'

It meant for me that I was in the arms of my Grandfather Hinton, who lived in Brayton's Falls within a hundred yards of the railroad track. It had been the dream of my life ever since the railroad had come to our town to have the privilege some day of riding all the way to Brayton's Falls on the cars, and here I was.

The first thing Grandfather Hinton did was to send a telegram to my distracted parents. Then he took me to my amazed grandmother, who scolded me a little at first for the trouble I had caused at home, and then got me up a good breakfast and declared I must stay at least two weeks while I was there. This I did, and I rode back to Byford on the passenger train proudly conscious of the fact that I was the first boy of my age in the town who had been so far from home alone on the 'ingine cars.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

Doll's Patterns for Dolly's Mamma

Just like the big folks have, but so simple. Directions clear and easy to follow.

Diagram to show how to lay pieces on the cloth so as to cut your goods to advantage; made to fit a doll from 12 to 15 inches high, but may be cut off or on to fit almost any size. Three to six garments in each set.

Any mother of little girls will welcome these patterns as a really useful gift. Children's pennies are better saved to buy one of these than spent in sweets.

The cut represents one of these Sets, and gives a good idea of the general make-up of the patterns.

SET I.—Child doll's outdoor suit, with cape and bonnet.
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SET IV.—Girl doll's indoor suit, with pinafore.
SET V.—Doll's party dress with cloak.
SET VII.—Infant doll's outdoor suit.
SET VIII.—Infant doll's indoor suit.
Set XI.—Girl doll's sailor suit.
SET XII.—Boy doll's sailor suit.

GIRL DOLL'S OUTDOOR SUIT.

Any one of these sets may be secured by giving carefully the number of the set desired, and adding five cents to any other order sent into this office. Separately, the price must be 10 cents, the same as larger patterns, unless four or more sets are ordered at once, in which case the price is five cents for each set.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

N.B.—Any two sets of these patterns will be sent free to one old subscriber sending in one NEW subscription to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents. If a set chosen is out of stock at the time, we will send the one most like it.

Correspondence

Dear Editor,—We live at S. F. The Sauble River runs near our house. I have one sister and five brothers. I have only five minutes' walk to my school, so I can go in the winter unless I am sick. One of my brothers and a friend shot a large bear and two cubs. I tried the fifth reader, and go to a country school; there is only one room in it. We have lived in Minnesota four years. I am ten years of age. I have two brothers and one sister, four half-brothers and my half-sister are living with their aunt in Chicago.

Our nearest town is nine miles away. We play school at home; I am the teacher, and my brother and sister are pupils.

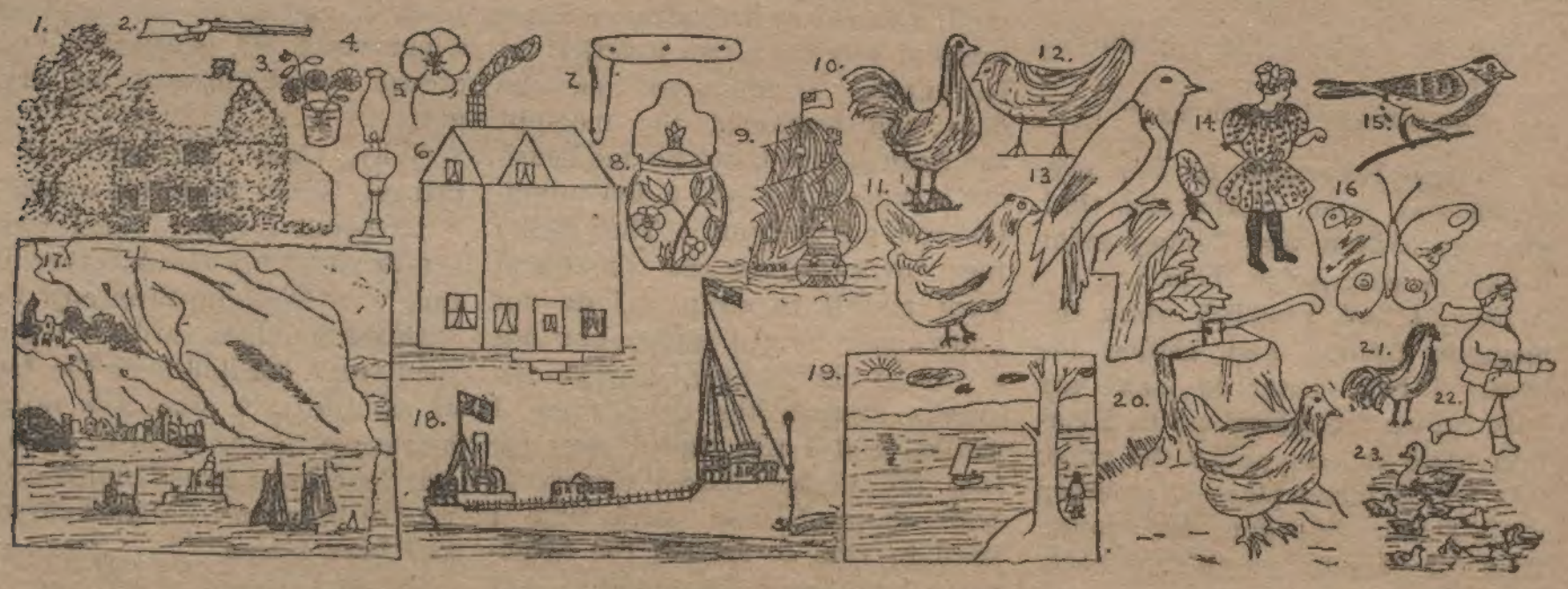
FLOSSIE GEE.

is the difference between a dairy maid and a swallow?

AMY H. GAVEY.

OTHER LETTERS.

B. McArthur, K. H. V., Alta., sends in a dream story that will be published some time in the summer.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A House.' Wilmer McArter (aged 12), H., Man.
2. 'Gun.' Arnold Brown (aged 11), H., Ont.
3. 'Flowers.' Edna Eagle (aged 10), H., Ont.
4. 'A Lamp.' Robert S. Dukes (aged 15), U., Ont.
5. 'Pansy.' Hester Brown (aged 9), H., Ont.
6. 'The Farm House.' Tracey Logan (aged 10), W., Man.
7. 'Jack Knife.' Forrest G. Kelly (aged 9), C., N.S.
8. 'Biscuit Jar.' Gladys Berry, P., Man.
9. 'Full Sail.' Archie Brien (aged 13), G., P. Q.
10. 'A Rooster'. Andrew F., Q., P. Q.
11. 'A Hen.' Lena Dunbar (aged 9), P., Ont.
12. 'A Bird.' Rica McLean (aged 9), T., Ont.
13. 'A Woodpecker.' Emeline Dukes (aged 8), U., Ont.
14. 'Dolly Gray.' Hazel Potter (aged 13), S., Ont.
15. 'A Bird.' E. Gordon Whittaker (aged 13), R., P. Q.
16. 'A Butterfly.' Frederick Ralph Burford, C. P., Ont.
17. 'A Castle on the River Rhine.' Margaret Lett, D., P. Q.
18. 'Barge.' Charles Brown (aged 11), C., Ont.
19. 'The View.' Evelyn Brown (aged 13), H., Ont.
20. 'In the Farm Yard.' Louise McLellan, G. V., N.S.
21. 'Rooster.' Margaret Ferguson, N. L., N. S.
22. 'A Cold Morning.' N. Hicky (aged 13), P. W., N.B.
23. 'A Happy Family.' Myrel Cox (aged 12), A., Ont.

the examination at Christmas for the fourth book, and I passed. My father is a mill man; he has four teams drawing logs now. We had a Christmas tree at our school this year. My teacher gave me a very pretty vase

ALICE SEAMAN.

C. E., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy eleven years old. I go to school every day, and I am in the fourth book. I have a pet chipmunk, which is getting very tame. I let him out every day I have time, and he eats butternuts, apples, and corn. I had a squirrel, but he died in the fall. My brother and a friend of his shot two rabbits yesterday.

STANLEY BUSH.

[You did not give the answer to your riddle, Stanley, so it could not be printed.—Ed.]

L. B.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old, and in the third grade in school. I have one brother and one sister. We had a little snow, but it is nearly all gone. I have a great grand aunt living; she is ninety-seven years of age, and can read without glasses. I have two grandmothers living at my home. I live on a farm near the water. It is very pretty in summer.

ANNA B. CAMERON.

S. A., Ont.

Dear Editor,—My grandma is 82 years old, and she is well. I am eight years old. My pa keeps a store, and a post-office, and he is very busy. At Christmas I got a watch and chain, a picture, a statue, a pocket-purse, a whistle, and a nice book. The name of it is 'A Candle Lighted by the Lord.'

ERNEST SNYDER.

C., Minn.

Dear Editor,—I think some of the drawings are very good. The answer to Cora B. McLaughlin's first riddle is, 'a crow's feathers'; to Gordon McKay's riddle, is Ohio. I am in

E. T., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am twelve years old, and attend the high school, which is about one block north of our place. There are two rinks in this town, one for curling, and the other for skating. There are quite a few hockey and curling matches played on a pond near our place. I will close with some riddles:

1. Why is the letter W like a coatsleeve?
2. Why does the time go more quickly in Italy than in any other place.

WESLEY GRAY.

P., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is the first letter I have written to the 'Messenger,' although I enjoy reading the letters very much. We live just a few acres from the Methodist Church, and also the school. I go to school every day, and am in the junior fourth class. Last year I did not miss a day from school, and my teacher gave me a very nice Bible. Our school is a fine large brick one, just built last summer. It is heated by a furnace, which certainly makes it very comfortable. I do not go to Sunday school now, as it is closed for the winter, but I went all last summer.

We are going to build a bank-barn next summer, and so are very busy getting out the timber for it.

HILLIS J. MOULTON (age 10).

G. G., P. Q.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for a number of years, and I also take the 'Canadian Pictorial,' and think it a very nice paper. I have two sisters and two brothers. My brothers fish in the summer, and my father is a farmer. I live near the shore, and often go bathing in the summer. We had a Christmas tree for the Sunday school, and I had a lot of presents on it. I will try to answer some of the riddles. I think the answer to Eunice I. Hanna's third one is, one sows the seed and the other sews dresses. The answer to Frances B.'s first one is to make it into sauce. I will close with a riddle. What

Caroll R. Sohnes, S., N.S., is only seven years old, but he has not missed a day at school this term.

L. Smith, W., Ont., sends in a riddle that has, however, been given before, and so does Ethel Taylor, H., N.S.

Margaret Scott, O., Sask., Dorothy Bradshaw, R., Man., Jessie Drope, C., Ont., and Queenie Potter, S., Ont., are others who have sent in riddles already given, but Queenie has another. It is easier to find the answer when it is spoken, because it is really not correct when it is spelt, as it has to be: I bet a man that I could eat more eggs than he. He ate ninety-nine, while I ate one hundred and one. How many more eggs did I eat than he did? Dorothy Bradshaw is not well enough to go to school. We all hope you will soon be quite strong again, Dorothy.

Here is another little invalid: Hilda Kilborn, A., Ont., says that her little sister Helen only two years old, has had the grippe for more than a month. Hilda also has a baby brother three months old. She has a fine opportunity to show what she can do to help, hasn't she?

Two little sisters, Ida A., and Margaret C. Ferguson, write from N. L., N.S., and they say very nice things about the 'Messenger.' We are very glad that so many of our correspondents are such good friends.

Harry Mount, K., Ont., sends in this riddle: Why is an organ like a slippery floor? Did you write the letter yourself, Harry? If you did you deserve a compliment on the writing.

Charles M. Howell, R., Man., sends in a drawing with his letter, which will be printed shortly.

Victor Aylesworth, P., Ont., answers Frances R.'s third puzzle—milk; Edna Brown's second one—a pump handle; and Ulric Dawson's first one—a night dress. You forgot to send in any answers to your own riddles, Victor, so we had to keep to our rule, and not print them.

We also received a little note from Ella Pearl Taylor, with a drawing.

LESSON,—MARCH 3, 1907.

Abraham Pleading for Sodom.

Gen. xviii., 16-23. Memory verses 23-26. Read the chapter.

Golden Text.

Men ought always to pray and not to faint. Luke xviii., 1.

Home Readings.

Monday, Feb. 25.—Gen. xviii., 1-15.
Tuesday, Feb. 26.—Gen. xviii., 16-23.
Wednesday, Feb. 27.—Gen. xix., 17-30.
Thursday, Feb. 28.—Deut. xxix., 10-29.
Friday, Mar. 1.—Matt. xi., 16-30.
Saturday, Mar. 2.—Luke xvii., 20-37.
Sunday, Mar. 3.—II. Peter. ii., 1-18.

(For the Junior Classes.)

Last Sunday we were studying about the different kinds of promises that there are in this world, and also about one promise in particular that God gave to someone. Can any of you tell me the name of this man? Yes, his name is Abraham, and he loved and trusted God so greatly that he was called 'the friend of God.' Has any one here got a friend? Oh, you all have; then you can easily tell me what a friend is like. A friend is some one with whom we like to be, some one with whom we like to talk about our plans, some one whom we like to please, isn't that so? Was Abraham a friend of God's like this?

Talk for awhile about the past lessons in which Abraham left his own home so that he might walk closer with God and do what pleased him most, and recall how God had often guided and helped and talked with him. Recall last Sunday's lesson in which the covenant between God and Abraham was renewed and strengthened.

So we see that God and Abraham were real friends, and in our lesson to-day we learn that God even wanted to talk to Abraham about some great plan. This plan had a great deal to do with Abraham's nephew. I wonder if you remember his name. Ah, you do, so perhaps you can tell me what had become of him all this time. To-day's lesson tells about something that happened over thirteen years since last Sunday's lesson, and all this time, yes, even longer, Lot had been living in this wicked city called Sodom. Of course he was getting to be very wealthy, but what about the city? It was getting worse and worse, and the wickedness had spread into the other cities that were near it. Really it looked as though it might spread all over the world again and make it just as bad as it had been before God sent the flood. But God was watching, and when he saw that things were getting so bad again he saw that there was only one thing to be done to keep these men from doing still more harm.

Tell the story of God's love and pity and how he came to talk to his friend Abraham about these cities, because naturally Abraham felt deeply interested. Tell of his great trust in God's justice and mercy and his tender pity for the doomed cities, and God's own willingness to have spared the cities if possible.

(For the Seniors.)

There is much that is of large interest recorded of the thirteen years or more that intervene between this and last Sunday's lesson, but there will not be time to more than keep track of the incidents. The change of name, however, for both Abraham and Sarah might be considered as another sign of God's personal and close interest in his people. Abram, 'a high, or lofty, father,' a title of honor, is now Abraham, 'the father of a multitude,' a name full of promise. These had been years of wandering, for as yet he owned no portion of this promised land, but camped where the pasture best suited his numerous flocks and herds, but there were several places at which he had erected altars to the Lord and towards which his feet must have often turned. The plains of Mamre, where he was encamped at the time of this lesson were to the north-west of Hebron, and at a considerable elevation. The cities of the plain lay in the valley of the Jordan, probably around the northern shore of the Dead Sea. The men who years ago had been 'sinners before the Lord exceedingly' had been steadily pursuing their evil way and God had heard, the cry of their wickedness had come up before him. It is interesting to compare with this the story of Nineveh (Jonah i., 2; iii., 10; iv., 2, 11). Lot, however, who might have done the prophet's work, had failed in his duty. Verse 19 opens up another thought, on the importance of home life, but the main study is the need of prayer, and God's pleasure in man's care for his fellow man. There was no audacity in Abraham's pleading, because he echoed the desire of God's own heart.

(Selections from Tarbell's 'Guide.')

Verse 16. And the men rose up. There are passages in which manifestations of God are described which seem to imply that He was confined within the limitations of space, or that the human form really was proper to Him. He is said to have walked in the garden in the cool of the day; to have come down to see the town which men did build; to have been one of three men who appeared to Abraham, and to have eaten that which was set before Him. Under all these there lies at least, not only a vivid conception of His personality, but a vivid conception of a profound and more strictly redemptive truth, namely, that He reveals Himself and enters into the closest friendship with men.—A. B. Davidson, 'The Theology of the Old Testament.'

Though spirits 'have neither flesh nor bones as we have,' it is impossible to speak of them except under the imaginative form of a perfect human shape, and human attributes.—Cunningham Geikie. (Compare Luke xxiv., 41-42).

Verse 25. Shall not the judge of all the earth do right? Such a union of the yearnings of compassion with the sense of justice and of profound resignation, such a sympathy with the calamities, not only of his own countrymen, but of a foreign and detested race, must in that distant age be counted, to say the least, as a marvellous anticipation of a higher morality and religion, such as we are accustomed to think peculiarly our own.—Stanley, 'Jewish Church'.

Justice always carries with it the associate idea of mercy. God is not merciful to one person and just to another, or merciful to the same person at one moment and just at another; but in every act of the Divine Being mercy and justice go together. They are not conflicting ideas, but harmonious; one may predominate, it does not eliminate the other.—Frank J. Goodwin, in 'Homiletic Review.'

Take a straight stick, and put it into the water, and it will seem crooked. Why? Because we look upon it through two mediums,—air and water. Thus the proceedings of God in His justice, which in themselves are straight, without the least obliquity, seem unto us crooked. That wicked men should prosper, and good men be afflicted; that the Israelites should make the bricks, and the Egyptians dwell in the houses; that servants should ride on horseback and princes go on foot—these are things that make the best Christians stagger in their judgments. And why? But because they look upon God's proceedings through a double medium—of flesh and spirit; that so all things seem to go across, though, indeed, they are right enough. And hence it is that God's proceedings in His justice are not so well discerned; the eyes of man alone not being competent judges thereof.—D. L. Moody.

Prostrate yourself before an engine, and the very qualities that make it a blessing make it an engine of destruction. God moves on a track of absolute and perfect equity and holiness, and the same qualities that insure that you would be borne forward into the eternal ages if connected with God make it sure that you would be ground to powder if you place yourself before the wheels of judgment.—A. T. Pierson.

This is no local tragedy. The fire and brimstone are still in the power of God; it is true to-day and for ever that 'Our God is a consuming fire'! The principles are clearly these: We hold life as God's gift; we hold that gift upon certain conditions; we can choose good or we can choose evil; God loves us, and is watching us every moment; He wishes all men to be saved; He promises pardon to the penitent, and foretells the death of the impenitent sinner; by these principles He will judge us, and by them will the wicked go away into everlasting punishment, and the righteous into life eternal. The human conscience must answer, This is right!—Joseph Parker.

Prayers for others will always have a salutary reflex influence upon ourselves. It will lead to a deepening of our interest in those for whom we pray, to wiser efforts for them, and to a greater watchfulnes over ourselves, lest anything in ourselves should hinder the success of the prayer. What Joseph said to Jacob's other sons in Egypt, God may sometimes say to us, 'Ye shall not see my face except your brother be with you!' It is significantly so at the end of the history of Job, 'The Lord turned the captivity of Job when he prayed for his friends.'—G. H. Knight, in 'The Secret of His Presence.'

No prayer takes hold of God until it first takes hold of the man.—Horace Bushnell.

Prayer is not overcoming God's reluctance; it is laying hold of His highest willingness.—Trench.

What are men
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those whom they call friend?

—Tennyson.

Sir, my concern is not whether God is on our side; my great concern is to be on God's side; for God is always right.—Lincoln.

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Heb. xiii., 2; Rev. iii., 20; Psa. xxv., 14; Jas. v., 16; I. John v., 14-16; I. Sam xii., 19, 23; Jer. xlii., 2; John xiv., 16; Luke xxii., 31, 32; Acts viii., 24; Job. iv., 7; Luke xiii., 3; Job. viii., 3; Psa. i., 16, cxiv., 20.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Mar. 3.—Topic—Being honest, with yourself and God. Luke xii., 1-3; Josh. xxiv., 14. (Consecration meeting.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

OUR SHEPHERD.

Monday, Feb. 25.—The Lord is my shepherd. John x., 11-16.

Tuesday, Feb. 26.—I shall not want. Phil. iv., 19.

Wednesday, Feb. 27.—He takes care of me. Ezek. xxxiv., 11-16.

Thursday, Feb. 28.—He leadeth me. Ps. v. 8.

Friday, Mar. 1.—I will fear no evil. Ps. xlvi., 3, 4.

Saturday, Mar. 2.— I will dwell in God's house. Ps. xxvii., 4.

Sunday, Mar. 3.—Topic—Lessons from the Shepherd Psalm. Psalm xxiii. (Consecration meeting.)

Does Your Subscription Expire This Month?

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Feb. it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance. When renewing, why not take advantage of the fine clubbing offers announced elsewhere in this issue?

Local Option.

Sing a song of sadness,
Misery, and sin,
Liquor-house the cause of them,
Men go in;
Squander sense and money;
Oh! the wasted lives,
Oh! the sad, sad story,
Children starve and wives.

Sing a song of gladness,
Liquor-house away.
Local Option came and won,
Happy Day!
What is Local Option?
The people's right to say
If they'll have the drink shops,
Or shut them up for aye.
—Nurse, in 'Scottish Reformer.'

A Policeman's Testimony.

A number of young men were one day sitting round the fire in the waiting-room at the Normanton Station of the Midland Railway, England, talking about total abstinence societies. Just then a policeman came in with a prisoner in handcuffs. He listened to the young men's conversation, but did not give any opinion. There was also in the room Mr. McDonald, a minister of the gospel, who, hearing what the young men were saying, stepped up to the policeman and said:

'Pray, sir, what have you got to say about temperance?'

The policeman replied:

'Why, all I've got to say is that I never took a teetotaler to York Castle (prison) in my life, nor to Wakefield House of Correction either.'—'Band of Hope Review.'

The Angel's Vigil.

(Edgar White, in the 'Home Herald.')

In my associations with the men of the round house I have observed one trait stand out prominently. That is the universal belief and good faith in God. The locomotive engineer is rarely an irreverent man. Especially is this true of him who pulls the fast express trains in the night time. The nearness to the unseen brings closer communion with Him who watches over all.

The story I am going to relate here was given me by a white-haired veteran of the Santa Fe Railroad. It may be true in all details, and it may be somewhat colored. But it illustrates the faith of the engineman. The one who told it believed it, and that is enough.

When the road was first put through Missouri some twenty years ago, a prominent farmer and cattleman, John Westbrook by name, became a town-site promoter. In the heart of the fertile Chariton Valley he located two villages, which he named after his babies, both of whom he worshipped. The town to the east was called Elmer, and the one to the west was known as Alma, after the sunny-haired, blue eyed cherub that came last into the world.

The towns grew and with them John Westbrook's fortune and influence. He was the lord of a thousand hills and the gods of fortune tired not in laying their offerings at his feet. In the flood-tide of his wealth and popularity, he became a good fellow, that is, he was a boon companion of the cattlemen and promoters in the town. It got so the taverns claimed him to the midnight hour. The wife and babies, in their beautiful home between the two towns, felt the shadow of the oncoming peril. Mrs. Westbrook was a woman of too much pride to reproach the man to whom she had sworn life-long fealty. She trusted that the better part of him would fight the tempter down in good time, and that he would become himself again.

Down and down he went until he became indifferent to his family and his reputation. Still wealthy and able to indulge all desires, he was going the pace that kills. Still the pale-faced woman at home did not chide. The little ones looked with wide, staring eyes at their father whom they used to love, but whose face was now becoming bloated and coarse.

One Christmas Eve Westbrook and his herders set out after some cattle which had broken the wires along the north range and had made for the river. The day had been bitterly cold, and it was far in the night before the truants were safely rounded up and corralled in the pens at Elmer. Wesbrook and his herders celebrated the success of the chase and the approach of the Natal Day in the tavern. A gang of wandering minstrels dropped in and the little den was full of noise and laughter as the hours of the night wore on.

Rushing westward through the snow was engineer Nez Cooper on his double-compound hauling No. 3, the California Limited. Ten heavy cars composed the train, and fireman Dan Stacy was toiling with bare arms to keep the guage above the 200 mark. At La Plata the train stopped briefly and the enginer was handed an order. It had just been sent out by the despatcher at Marceline, and was important because it annulled an order delivered a little further to the east.

The young operator at La Plata had been working about two months; and he had such experience as that period gave. The message which he handed to the engineer of the Limited was worded as follows:

'No. 3 will pass extra 64 at Elmer. C. H.'

The long train started up again, its tall drivers slipping viciously over the snow-covered rails. At last they took hold and the big engine began reaching after the minutes it had lost. As it mounted the tall grade to the south-west of La Plata the storm burst in all its fury, moaning out its rage like some mysterious animal that was wounded to death. The electric rays of the headlight sent countless diamonds flickering through the haze; but all outside the range of that wonderful eye was dark and drear. To the toilers of the cab it mattered not; the way was kept clear by the telegraph, and they dreaded no danger. So Dan piled on the coal and Cooper let on the steam as far as it would stand without slipping the wheels. It was a gallant race the Limited was making in the teeth of the winter hurricane.

The same wild storm swirled around a cheerless home in the back country. Cheerless except in one room, where a fire was burning on the hearth and a pair of slippers awaited someone who was not there. A light was in in the front window as if to guide the puzzled wayfarer to a haven out of the storm.

At a woman's knees a curly-headed child knelt down and looked pathetically at the ceiling:

'O, God,' she said, 'please be good to all of us and send one of Thy angels after papa, who is out in the storm. Bless him and bring him to us and make him love little mamma better than he does, for Jesus' sake, Amen.'

When Tim McDavitt saw the Limited applying air as it pulled into Elmer he rushed out to see if the engineer had gone crazy. The train came to a dead stop, and McDavitt, the operator, ran up to the engine.

'What's the matter, Ned?' he asked.

Cooper for reply pulled out the order.

'It's that plug up there at La Plata,' said McDavitt, in contemptuous tone; 'I heard that message go through. It said for No. 3 to meet extra 64 at Alma. The names are a little alike, and I guess they mixed him up some.'

Cooper started up his engine so vigorously that the drivers flew around and sent sparks clear back under the tender, but the train didn't move. Having somewhat relieved his mad spell the engineer fed in the steam with a little more circumspection and the big machine started slowly off. It was a trifle up-grade and several times the wheels slipped, even under the most gentle coaxing. At last they took hold and Cooper was just about to let her out when something on the rails ahead attracted his attention. He instantly shut off steam and applied the air. The object ahead might have been a snow mould or some old clothes or it might have been something else.

'I am afraid that I am getting old womanish, Dan,' said Cooper, 'but I wish you'd run down there and see what that is.'

Dan jumped off and ran down the rails. The object was now in the bright glare of the head-light, but its character was still indeterminate. Presently Dan reached down, felt of it and yelled. Cooper leaped from the cab and joined the fireman. The snow-mould was caused by two men who were laying between the rails. They were aroused and put on their feet. For several minutes they stood blinking stupidly at the head-light and then started.

'My God!' exclaimed one of the men, who appeared well-dressed and who did not at all suggest the tramp. 'Have I come to this?'

'You've come to something that's awful lucky,' said the engineer; 'if the operator up at La Plata hadn't made a mistake and stopped us at Elmer there wouldn't have been enough of you two fellows to hold a funeral.'

'We have been drinking said the well dressed man.

'I'll not call you a liar for that statement,' said Cooper. 'Do you think you can make home?'

'I'm sure we can, my friend; we are as sober now as you are, and so help my God, I will never be any other way, and I think Jack will tell you the same.'

The train moved on and the two men cut across the country towards a tall house on the hill in which a light burned, shining through the snow.

A woman came to the door and let the two men in, showing evident pleasure at their appearance. As they sat by the hearth they told her, without reservation, the story of their sinister awakening. The little girl, who had being sleeping in her bed, heard the voices and got up. Running up to her father she climbed into his lap and addressed her mother:

'Didn't I tell you he'd come home, little mother? I prayed and God sent an angel to look after him.'

A good many people dont' like my methods of advocacy, 'because,' as they say, 'I am not a Prohibitionist.' I am a Prohibitionist; and, further than that, I am an annihilationist.—John B. Gough.

Another "Honor Roll" of Successful 'Pictorial' Boys

JAS. McLAREN, Ontario.
CHARLES McCOLM, Quebec.
WILFRID P. WELSH, Man.
A. BARLOW WHITESIDE, Alta.
MILFORD BLACK, Sask.
MISS JEAN McLEOD, N.S.
AUSTIN TAYLOR, N.B.
MORLEY JAMIESON, Ont.
ROBERT LAIRD, P.E.I.
CLYDE McFARLANE, Ont.
THOS. LODGE, Nfld.
A. LOUKS, Ont.
A. G. VIRTUE, Alta.
PERCY CLARK, N.B.
CHARLIE DEANS, Que.
MISS MAY MORRIS, Ont.
HARRY BEST, Man.
MISS VIOLET BEST, Man.
OLIVER S. WINTER, Nfld.
CECIL WEIR, Sask.
LEONARD JACKSON, N.S.
HAROLD SIMPSON, P.E.I.
COLIN D. SINCLAIR, Ont.
WARREN GRANT, N.S.

An interesting feature of this honor roll is the presence of several girls' names, who have found the selling of 'Pictorial' to their friends a capital way of earning a fine fountain pen. Harry and Violet Best worked together and earned first one fountain pen and then another. Many of these workers are handling February number also, and not a few expect to take charge of a supply each month.

We can enrol hundreds of boys yet all over the Dominion, and invite any interested reader who wants a watch and chain, a fountain pen, a fine knife or cash commission, to write us for a package to start on and full instructions.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal. Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Not Work But Worry.

It is not the work, but the worry,
That wrinkles the smooth fair face.
That blends gray hairs with the dusky,
And robs the form of its grace;
That dims the luster and sparkle
Of eyes that were once so bright,
But now are heavy and troubled,
With a weary, despondent light.

It is not the work, but the worry,
That drives all sleep away,
As we toss and turn and wonder
About the cares of the day.
Do we think of the hands' hard labor,
O. the steps of the tired feet?
Ah! no, but we plan and ponder
How to make both ends meet.

It is not the work, but the worry,
That makes us sober and sad,
That makes us narrow and sordid,
When we should be cheery and glad.
There's a shadow before the sunlight,
And ever a cloud in the blue,
The scent of the roses is tainted,
The notes of the song are untrue.

It is not the work, but the worry,
That makes the world grow old,
That numbers the years of their children
Ere half their story is told;
That weakens their faith in heaven
And the wisdom of God's great plan.
Ah! 'tis not the work, but the worry,
That breaks the heart of man.

—Summerville 'Journal.'

Salt in Diphtheria.

In a paper read at the Medical Society of Victoria, Australia, Dr. Day stated that, having for many years regarded diphtheria, in its early stage, as a purely local affection, characterized by a marked tendency to take on putrefactive decomposition, he has trusted most to the free and constant application of antiseptics, and when their employment has been adopted from the first, and been combined with judicious alimentation, he has seldom seen blood poisoning ensue. In consequence of the great power which salt possesses, in preventing the putrefactive decomposition of meat and other organic matter, Dr. Day has often prescribed for diphtheritic patients living far away from medical aid the frequent use of a gargle composed of a teaspoonful or more of salt dissolved in a tumbler of water, giving children who can not gargle a teaspoonful or two to drink occasionally. Adults to use the gargle as a prophylactic or preventive, three or four times a day.—'Scientific American.'

Care of the Floors.

Many women have the mistaken idea that hardwood floors are difficult to keep clean, and they sweep and scour and sew carpet all their lives, with a notion that by so doing they are saving themselves work. But if they knew how to stain floors in the first place and to take care of them in the second, they could save themselves work every day of their lives, lessen the burden of housecleaning about one-half and have their homes infinitely more wholesome and hygienically clean. Nothing is so productive of moths and germs as carpets fitting up close and snug to the side walls, and a thorough cleansing once a year rarely cleans them out. A year will furnish a generation of germs, and effectual germ destroyers sometimes destroy the carpet along with its inhabitants. Rugs, of course, can be cleaned once a week easily, and during the week any single rug that has wantonly acquired soil can be brushed or shaken by itself without disturbing the rest of the room for a second. Light weight rugs of ingrain filling a housekeeper can shake herself, and have her rooms freshly clean without help or assistance. Almost any floor, even the old-fashioned wide plank floor, can be made to look effective if properly stained. In the first place, scrub it thoroughly with hot borax suds, then, when perfectly dry, cover it with the following preparation: Four ounces of gum shellac, one ounce of gum mastic, one ounce of gum benzoin. Dissolve well before using, and add a little umber or sienna stain if you want the floor dark. When it is necessary to wash the floor, do not use soap; just wipe it up with a mop dipped in warm borax water, a teaspoonful of borax to a gallon of water, and after it is dry, oil it with crude oil and kerosene. Cleaning in this way leaves a floor looking as though it had just been stained. It will not be necessary actually to wash a floor thoroughly more than once a month. It should be oiled, though, once a week. Other mornings, if it is dusty, go over it hastily with a dry mop.—New York 'Tribune.'

Hints.

Coffee and teapots become much discolored inside in a short time. To prevent this, every fortnight put into them a teaspoonful of soda —common baking soda—fill them two-thirds full of water, and let boil two hours. Wash and rinse well before using; they will thus be always clean and sweet.

The most disagreeable feature of kitchen work is probably the cleaning of kettles and pans. Fill the cooking vessel with water as soon as a meat or a vegetable has been removed to its table dish; add a pinch of borax and set it on the back of the stove to heat slowly. When pot-washing time arrives the labor is merely nominal, so cleansing do the warm water and borax prove.

Always include a box of powdered borax in your supplies for the house. It is cheap, makes the work easier and softens the water so as not to hurt your hands or chap your skin. You can procure it cheaper at the grocery store than at the druggist's. To clean windows, dissolve a little in warm water, wash them inside and outside and wipe dry; then polish them with old newspapers. A stronger solution may be made to clean the kitchen sinks and pipes; it will remove all impurities from them. To clean marble or any kind of tinware, add a tablespoonful of borax to a pint of hot water, dip a small brush into it and scrub until clean, then dry with old flannel. If troubled with ants, roaches, crotin bugs, etc., sprinkle dry borax around. It is excellent and will banish all such.—'Presbyterian.'

Selected Recipes.

AUNT ABIGAIL'S SPICE CAKES.—Cream well together one-half of a cupful of butter and one and one-half cupfuls of sugar. To one cupful of thick sour cream add one-half of a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one teaspoonful of boiling water. To the creamed butter and sugar add one well-beaten egg, and, when well mixed, the cream. Stir in one cupful of seeded raisins, one-quarter of a cupful of cornstarch, two cupfuls of flour and one-quarter of a teaspoonful of cinnamon and one-quarter of a teaspoonful of cloves. Pour over the batter into gem pans or a loaf pan, dust over a little powdered sugar, and bake in a moderate oven.

BEEF BOUILLON.—Stir well together four pounds of finely chopped beef and two quarts of water; add a slice of onion, two bay leaves, six cloves, one carrot, chopped fine, and a blade of mace. Stand the mixture over the fire, bring slowly to boiling point, and simmer for one hour. Put a tablespoonful of sugar in a small saucepan. When it burns add a slice of onion; stir until the onion is brown, then add it to the bouillon. Strain through a colander. Beat the whites of two eggs slightly, add them to the bouillon, bring to boiling point, and boil for two minutes. Strain through two thicknesses of cheesecloth. Add a palatable seasoning of salt and pepper and half a teaspoonful of kitchen bouquet. Reheat and serve in bouillon cups.

A Brief Summary of Premium Offers

Article.	Cash in addition to one renewal at full rate.	Sale price for cash separately to our subscribers.	Free for NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at full rates as under.
Maple Leaf Brooch	15 cents	20 cents	One new subscription.
Maple Leaf Blouse Set	35 cents	50 cents	Two new subscriptions.
Folding Pocket Scissors	35 cents	50 cents	Two new subscriptions.
Five-inch Scissors	40 cents	60 cents	Two new subscriptions.
Cutting Shears, eight-inch	60 cents	90 cents	Three new subscriptions.
Lady's Pocket-Knife	35 cents	50 cents	Two new subscriptions.
Boy's Jack-Knife	60 cents	75 cents	Four new subscriptions.
Farmer's Combination Knife	95 cents	$1.20	Five new subscriptions.
Buckhorn Carving Set	$1.20	1.50	Six new subscriptions.
Safety Razor	1.00	1.50	Six new subscriptions.
Gold Cuff Links	70 cents	1.00	Four new subscriptions.
Ingersoll Watch	$1.00	1.25	Five new subscriptions.
Fountain Pen	1.25	1.50	Five new subscriptions.
Gold Locket	1.25	1.75	Seven new subscriptions.
Gold Chain	1.00	1.50	Six new subscriptions.
Sterling Silver Souvenir Spoon, coffee size, bowl engraved to order, any one name	1.00	1.15	Five new subscriptions.
Sterling Silver Souvenir Spoons, large size, very handsome, bowl engraved to order, one name	$1.75	$2.90	Ten new subscriptions.
Sterling Silver Teaspoons, a stock pattern, very fine	1.10	1.25	Six new subscriptions.
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BOOKS.			
Sweet Story of Old	35 cents	45 cents.	Two new subscriptions.
Children of the Bible Series. Any one of the ten different titles	25 cents.	35 cents.	One new subscription and one renewal.
One Syllable Series. Any one of ten different titles	25 cents	35cents.	One new subscription and one renewal.
Kenilworth	20 cents	25 cents.	One new and one renewal.
Ivanhoe	20 cents	25 cents.	One new and one renewal.
Barnaby Rudge	20 cents	25 cents.	One new and one renewal.
Sea Forest and Prairie—Stories of Canada, by Canadian children	20 cents	25 cents.	One new and one renewal.
BIBLES.			
Bagster's Scholars' Bible	50 cents	60 cents.	Three new subscriptions.
Bagster Minion Teachers' Bible	1.00	1.25	Six new subscriptions.
Bagster Long Primer Bible	1.50	1.75	Eight new subscriptions.
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These premiums have been described separately in these pages before. Fuller particulars at any time on application.

None of these premiums can be sent to the United States except the Bibles, the Fountain Pen, and the Watch.—The others could only be sent at subscriber's risk, customs charges to be paid by the receiver.

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KEEP THIS TABLE FOR REFERENCE.

Religious Notes.

From Japan comes the story of an exposition of Christianity from a man who obtained a Bible which he read with much interest. When he had finished, he said: 'This is a fine thing in theory, but I wonder how it would work in practice?' On the train on which he was travelling, he noticed a lady, who, he was told, was a Christian. He watched her attentively, to see how she would act, and said: 'If I can see anything in her conduct like this Book, I will believe it.' Before the day was over he had seen so many little acts of unselfishness on her part, and so much thoughtfulness and consideration for her fellow passengers, that he was deeply impressed. The result of that railway ride was that he went to his home determined to make the Bible the guide of his whole life.

The majority of ungodly men travel in a world of people, and only incidentally touch the realm of doctrine and written creed. They study the characters of men rather than their motives, their living and not their cult or catechism. If, after coming into contact with a true man, they set out to find his religion, they are likely to find it, and once found, it will be of the true sort.

The report for 1906 of the Christian Movement in Japan gives the Christian communicants in the Protestant churches of Japan as 48,087, with 5,099 adult baptisms during the year—the same pamphlet affirming that 'the influence of Christianity in Japan is far and away greater than the statistics of the churches would indicate.'

In India 89 societies are engaged in Christian work; of these 32 are American, 31 are British and 9 are continental European and 17 international. These societies report 3,447 foreign missionaries, of whom 1,879 are men; 1,846 stations and 8,082 out-stations. There are 497,965 communicants in the native Protestant churches, and 420,296 pupils in the schools; 541 hospitals and dispensaries having within the year 2,000,956 patients.

Instruction in French and English is being given in the Y. M. C. A. at Barmen-Eberfeld, Germany, to prepare a great committee of young men to be serviceable to the foreign delegates who will attend the World's Conference of the Associations in that city in 1909.

The great World Convention of the Y. M. C. A. forces will doubtless be greatly benefited by this preparatory system. To look forward three years in the planning of such efforts is an indication of the wise forethought of the leaders in this movement.

The educational work of the Protestant missions in Mexico is recognized by the people to be of great value. Dr. J. W. Butler, writing of mission work in Puebla, says: 'When we first entered the city the government commissioned secret police to watch us day and night. We were repeatedly told that we would never be allowed to get a Protestant foothold in that fanatical centre. Only a dozen children came to our school the first year, but to-day we have nearly six hundred children in our two schools, and government officials intrust their children to our care. It was a long struggle, but we have won a magnificent victory.'—'Home Herald.'

Northern Nigeria—the most populous part of the Dark Continent, with a territory as large as Europe minus Russia—has a population of from 60,000,000, to 90,000,000, one-half of which is practically Mohammedan, and the other half pagan.

The Salvation Army has been able to offer some substantial aid to the Japanese peasants of the northern provinces who have been suffering from famine on account of the failure of the rice crop. The army in Japan now has a force of one hundred officers. There are students' homes for men and women, rescue homes and lodging-houses maintained by the Salvationists in the large cities. The Japanese authorities have been kind to these slum workers, giving them free access to the jails, although the prisoners are supposed to be under the spiritual direction of the Buddhist priests.

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